

Heather Herzikoff  
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September 21, 2018

To the Honorable Judge Ronnie Abrams,

I am writing this letter on behalf of Bevan Troy Cooney. My name is Heather Herzikoff. I was Bevan's first wife. We met at the University of Arizona where I received my B.A. in Psychology. When we moved to Los Angeles together, I went on to pursue teaching. I received my teaching credential from CSUN and I have been teaching Kindergarten for the past 19 years.

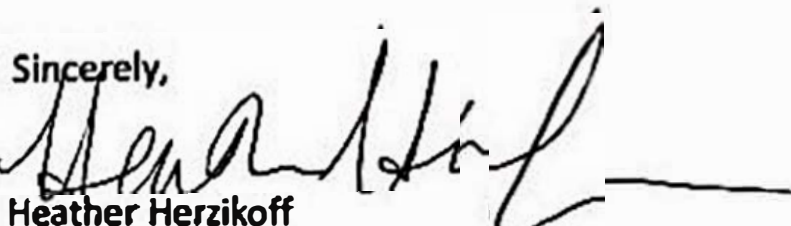
I have known Bevan since 1992. We became friends in college and were eventually married. Our 14-year relationship allowed me to get to know him on a deep level. Bevan has an extremely kind and generous soul. He was very caring for not only me but my family as well. Even though we are no longer married, he has been there to support me and my family through challenging times. Family has always been a priority to him. I wish for him to be able to be there for his two children.

We would still be married today, however substance abuse got in the way of our marriage. While we were married, he loved planning vacations with both our families. Holidays were always so important to him as a time to honor family and traditions. Bevan is a man of his word. If he reflects and is willing to work on himself, he does so wholeheartedly. When we went through our divorce he was always upstanding and honored all of our agreements. When he knows he has made a mistake, as he did in our marriage, he takes responsibility.

Although our marriage wasn't successful, we remain close today as well as our families. It was his willingness to take ownership for his actions that allowed us to heal and have a supportive relationship now.

Bevan is a dedicated father, son, brother, uncle and friend. It is my sincerest hope that you take into consideration my letter, because his family, especially his children, depend on him.

Sincerely,



Heather Herzikoff



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**October 1st, 2018**

**Honorable Ronnie Abrams,**

I would like to start by thanking you for taking time out of your day to read this. I am writing in regards to my uncle Bevan Cooney and his upcoming sentencing.

My name is Kylie Cooney. I am the oldest of Bevan Cooney's two nieces, the other being my younger sister Chloe Cooney. I grew up in Missoula Montana with my father (Bevan's eldest brother) Scott Cooney. Along with my paternal grandparents living only a block away throughout my childhood. With that said, we are a very close knit family.

I am a recent graduate of Otis College of Art and Design. I graduated with a bachelors of fine arts degree, majoring in industrial design with a minor in fine arts painting. I was on Deans List all 4 years of my undergrad and graduated with honors in 2017.

I now work full time in Los Angeles. I work hand painting bespoke, seamless, chinoiserie wall paper. I also work part time doing architectural sculptures, ie. Banisters for staircases, mantels for fireplaces, columns, molding, etc. Along with those two jobs i do a fair amount of freelance work involving design, sewing, and other skills i learned while at design school.

My family is relatively small, i have two uncles on my fathers side, along with their father (my grandfather) and an aunt on my mothers side and their father (my maternal grandfather). Because there are not many of us we have gotten closer and closer over the years.

I was not very close with my Uncle Bevan when i was younger. He lived in Los Angeles and my sister and i in Montana with the rest of our family. We would only see him maybe once or twice a year around Christmas time. If we did not see him on holidays he would always send gifts to my sister and i.

Around the time i turned 18 and moved out to Los Angeles on my own was when Bevan and i began to grow an meaningful relationship with each other. We began to do things together, and he showed immense support in me moving to LA to follow my dreams of becoming a designer.

In the past 5 years Bevan has evolved into an entirely different person in my eyes. He now is the closest relative i have, besides my parents and sister, and i look up to him more than i could describe. We now talk nearly every week. Where are before hand we would go months and months without talking to each other. We now have deeper and more meaningful conversations with each other, and have both gained respect and appreciation for our relationship. He helps me by giving me great advice, introducing me to professionals in the industry that he knows, and being a great ear when i have issues i need to talk through. When i visit Montana, or him Los Angeles, we spend quality time together and make a point of getting in as much family time as possible.

My grandmother (his mother) past away about a year ago. It was one of the hardest times of my life i have experienced. She helped raise my sister and i most of our childhood, so it was like losing my mom. Throughout the duration of her last few years battling cancer, the family all did what we could to help and be there for her and each other. Bevan let her move in with him and he took care of her during her chemo and radiation. He took her on walks everyday, made sure she was eating and eating healthy, made all of her doctors appointments, and kept her looking stylish and well dressed (that was one of her major concerns).

This experience was extremely hard on our family. But living through it, i now see more character, compassion, and a deeper insight on all of my family members. Especially my uncle Bevan. The last couple of weeks of her life she was hospitalized and on life support. These memories are some of the most painful ones i hold, but at the same time they are some of the most valuable. I saw a new side of Bevan. He wasn't afraid to cry with me, to talk with me about everything going on, to sit in silence, and to just hug it out. He played one of the most important roles in me being able to slowly accept what was happening, and later begin to gain acceptance of the situation.


I suffer from manic depression, bipolar, and severe anxiety. This experience nearly pushed me over the edge into a mental breakdown. If it was not for my family i don't think i would still be here today, and Bevan was one of the key people involved. I know this is a lot of information, but i feel that it is vital because it shows how bad things were at the time, and how much support Bevan gave to not just me, but the whole family.

In all honesty, i do not fully know what i should write to you, your Honor. I do not know all of the details of why he is being sentenced in the first place, but when i think of my Uncle Bevan, i think of a man who has helped me through some of the hardest times of my life and in contrast celebrated some of the most amazing parts of my life with me. He is an extremely loyal, respectful, loving, and family oriented man. He has changed my life, and my sisters life for the better and continues to do so. He is extremely close to my father and takes care of his brother. He sees my grandfather every day and helps to make sure that he is still eating and okay after the heart breaking death of my grandmother.

I do believe that people should be held accountable for their actions, and need to accept that. But on the same note, Bevan is not a bad person, he has learned his lesson, and this experience has opened his eyes to what an amazing family he has, and how much he needs to cherish this blessing. I please ask that you take this all into consideration when deliberating over his sentencing.

Thank you again for your time in reading this, if you have any questions for me please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely,  
Kylie Kathleen Cooney



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October 1st, 2018

Dear Ronnie Abrams,

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter regarding my uncle, Bevan Cooney and his future sentencing.

My name is Chloe Cooney, Bevan's youngest niece. Growing up in the small town of Missoula, Montana, I had the opportunity to live only blocks away from my Cooney grandparents, along side my older sister Kylie and father Scott, Bevan's eldest brother.

I have just recently moved to New York City to continue my education at Parsons, The New School. Majoring in Interior Design, I am following my grandmother's, Kathy Cooney, footsteps. Living here for only a short period of time has already taught me many things on how to live on my own and how to make connections. Luckily having Bevan as my uncle, a well traveled individual, he has given me so many connections that I will use to my advantage.

Growing up in Missoula and having my uncle in Los Angeles didn't give us a lot of time together except around the holidays. But when he did come home, he always brought the family together. Bevan brought smiles and laughter to the table. He is always a joy to be around, caring for the people in his life.

Sadly our family wasn't very close to each other, only truly coming together for the holidays or for a family emergency. Three years ago my grandmother, Bevan's mother, was diagnosed with glioblastoma, which brought the Cooney family together again. Bevan was one who got us the best neurosurgeon in the U.S., Doctor Keith Black, who was located in Los Angeles. It was Bevan who let the family stay with him during my grandmothers surgery, and who took care of her for three months till she could finally come home.

About a year ago she passed. She was the glue of the family, who kept everyone together. She handed this position to Bevan after her passing, who moved back to Missoula to take care of my grandfather. The passing of Mrs. Cooney let the family slip away from each other. But my uncle has slowly brought us all back together.

Bevan is a key part of the family. Without him, the Cooney family could have fully slipped from each other. We may not have been very close in my childhood, but he has become a large part of my life the past years. Constantly supporting me in everything I do, from making an effort to come to my art shows, to coming to my Lacrosse games, taking the time to take me out to dinner to simply sending me photos of his daily life. He always manages to make my day better.

Bevan has recently began a new relationship with a wonderful lady that I have also become close with. She has three children, who have began to love Bevan as much as I do. He speaks about them like they are his own. He cares for them like he has cared for his own family. It would cause them great pain to see him gone as fast as he came into their life.

Losing Bevan would not only cause the family pain but would personally take away a mentor. He has easily become the closest uncle I have. He has also become a huge part in my grandfather's life. Moving back to Missoula to care of him. Knowing very well that Dr. Cooney could take care of himself without Bevan, my grandfather couldn't live without him. He may irritate the Doctor at times, but he also brings him much joy. I couldn't bare to see my grandpa alone everyday and not have Bevan by his side.

I have only recently found out about the situation that he is in and I still do not fully understand what has happened. But I do know that if I were to lose Bevan, that I wouldn't be losing just a family member, but someone I look up to, someone who I cherish in my life. He has impacted my life in a way others could not. I also wouldn't be the only one who would be in pain with not having him around.

Thank you for taking the time to read this,

Sincerely,

Chloe Rose Cooney